

# The Dokeyville Rally



BY  
S. S. G. ENTERTAINMENT CO.  
Authors of "Union Depot for a Day."

A Drama of One or Two Acts, whichever may be  
desired, with One Scene---the "Office" of a  
Country Hotel---and Employing  
About 50 People



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**S. S. G. ENTERTAINMENT CO., 302 N. Ave. B, Canton, Ill.**



# The Pokeyville Rally

A Drama of One Scene and One or Two Acts,  
whichever may be desired, Employ-  
ing 40 or 50 People.



## Cast of Characters

Mrs. Timmons, landlady of Palace Hotel.	Carrie Frazier,	} Village young people.
Phoebe, her daughter.	Irene Campbell,	
Molly Stout, her helper.	Helen Cooper,	
Hez Dennis, } Regular boarders	Jay Jenkins,	
Ched Kuhl, } and loafers.	Artie Flasher,	
Zeke Hornblower, Col. from choice.	Miss Ann Eliza Snapp.	
Marjory, his daughter.	Clara Castleton, her niece.	
Hon. Wm. Polk, legislator, and candi- date for re-election.	Gideon Tightfellow.	
	Sarah, his wife.	
Herman Steadyman, a young lawyer,	Emmy, } Daughters.	
and Polk's opponent.	Loly, }	
Miss Dyer, agent for hair restorer.	C. D. Sharp, }	} Commercial travelers
Joe Ketchum, merchant.	J. A. R. Grouch,	
John Nichols, farmer.	Jess, }	} Phoebe's friends.
Jane, his wife.	Jen, }	
Mrs. Fox, his mother-in-law.	Bess, }	
Betsy Brady.	Mose, }	} A colored couple known as
Mrs. Stubbins.	Chloe, }	
Marthy, }	Mrs. Jackson, a deaf woman.	
Amaziah, }	Mr. Johnson,	} Boarders.
Mary Ann, }	Miss Long,	
	Miss Plummer,	

## Stage Directions

Make the stage look as much like the office of a village hotel as possible. Place counter, or table, back of Center. Chairs for Ched and Hez, Left front. Street entrance, Right of stage, and door to dining room, Left of stage. Wash stand, on which are bowl and pitcher, is at Right back. Mirror hangs over wash stand, and towel is near.

Several chairs, or a small bench, are placed in different parts of stage.

## General Directions

Arrange stage so the principal actors are well to the front, that they may be heard. Urge the actors to speak loud and distinctly, and avoid turning backs to audience.

The practicing of the campaign song may be made killingly funny, with "demi-



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semi quavers" and discords. One singer can come out a word or two behind. These are only suggestions upon which ingenious musicians can enlarge, and improve.

The Stubbins children must draw and drag out every single word. They can not overdo it for it is not easy to keep it up on every word. To have parts of the Stubbins children taken by grown people will bring down the house.

The poke weed is common about the roadsides and well known in the country. It grows quite tall—even 5 to 8 feet high—and "Betsy" ought to have a tall one. The leaves are egg-shaped and are about 5 inches long by 2 to 3 inches wide and of a rich green color. The stem is an inch in diameter and of a fine deep purple color. The plant bears berries, round and flattened, of a dark purple color, and they hang in clusters. It will doubtless be impossible to get the real thing in winter but a skillful maker of paper flowers could furnish a very good substitute that would give the proper effect.

Definite directions as to costumes cannot be given but there is an opportunity to reproduce the various fearful and wonderful "get-ups" that may be seen in any crowd gathered in a country town on a gala day.

## Properties

Counter, or table, chairs, wash stand, pitcher, bowl, two towels, soap, box of matches, ledger, money in drawer, stool, tray, dishtowel, knife, platter, cup, baskets, or buckets, kettle, poke weed branch (if possible), grip, several bottles of different sizes, fork, dust pan, broom, dinner for Mrs. Timmons, lunch for Mrs. Stubbins, consisting of bread and butter sandwiches, pickles, bologna sausage, pie, etc., flags, string of beads. Goddess of Liberty and thirteen states should all be in white with red, white and blue sashes. The Goddess wears a crown. Ched and Hez may have chess or checker board.

### ACT ONE.

Curtain rises, showing Mrs. Timmons at counter or desk. Mollie, the helper, is on the floor scrubbing. Hez and Ched, both willing to be "number two" with Widow Timmons, are lounging on chairs, L. P.

The chug of an auto is heard outside. Enter Col. Zeke Hornblower, in great hurry and excitement.

Col. H.—(Rubbing his hands and looking at each beamingly) Good morning Mrs. Timmons. Good morning everybody. All ready for the crowd, Mrs. Timmons? Think you'll be able to feed 'em all? They'll be here in droves.

Mrs. T.—You needn't worry, Col. Hornblower. I've never saw the crowd yet I couldn't take care of. Just because I'm left alone, an' unprotected, ain't no sign I can't run the Palace Hotel, same as ever.

Col. H.—But this is the greatest day Pokeyville ever saw. I tell you this rally will bring people from all over the county. It's going to be a humdinger. It'll make Grundy Center rally look like thirty cents. Pokeyville will be on the map after today. This'll put Bill Polk through all right, and that's what I've been working for. I knew I could do it, if I tried.

Ched—Think you'll poke him through all right, do you Zeke?

Col. H.—Sure thing! This is bound to elect him. But Ched, I'd like to speak to you a minute. (takes Ched to one side and speaks in low tone). Say Ched, would you, ahem! how would it do, Ched, if you'd—

Ched—(interrupting in a loud voice) What you drivin' at, Zeke?

Col. H.—Why—my name, you know. Don't you think it would make more impression on the people, if you'd call me Col? Just today you know.

Ched—(aloud) Oh, I see! That's the p'int, is it? Want me to call you Col.

Col. H.—Hsh! Not so loud Ched, don't talk so loud. I believe it would help matters. May be I can be of use to you some day.

Ched—Well, seein's it's you Ze—excuse me Col., I kin make a desp'rate effort. Col. H.—(as Molly slowly rises with hand on her back, starts to leave stage, carrying broom, mop etc., but does not take bucket, which is left on floor) You'll have to hop lighter'n that Molly, if you want to keep up with the procession.

Molly—Huh! I ain't carin' about no procession. They ain't no "jack pot" in this thing f'r me.

Hez—(aside) The old gal's sized it up about right, I guess.

Ched—(aside) Molly ain't none of your last year's almanacs. She knows a thing or two, without bein' showed.

Col. H.—Wonder why Ketchem ain't showed up. He ought to be here by this time. All he had to do was to get out the band wagon to meet the Squattertown band. Everything else is all right, for I've looked after the whole business myself.

Hez—Wouldn't had much of a rally, if it hadn't been for you, would they Zeke?

Col. H.—(pompously) Well, I rather think Pokeyville does owe me a vote of thanks. (looking at watch) But it's time to take my car to the station to meet the Hon. Wm. Polk. If Ketchem comes, tell him I'll see him later at the Em-porium. (exit Col H.)





Hez—Zeke's tootin' his horn purty loud, ain't he? Him and Ketchem's the hull thing. Guess the great dry goods Emporium won't see much of Ketchem today. Ched—Bet them clerks'll have a good time for a change, if he don't ketch'em. Col. H.—(putting head in at street door) By the way, Mrs. Timmons, I forgot to ask if you've got your best room in shape for the orator of the day?

Mrs. T.—Land sakes, yes! Every thing ready and waitin'. (Col. H. withdraws head, and soon chug of auto is heard).

Ched—Thought mebbly you and me'd have to push that machine to the depot Hez, if Hornblower'd wasted much more gas round here, though he never was know'd to give out.

Hez—There was a time, when Hornblower first got that automobile, I thought it could outblow him, but I'll swan I've had to change my mind. It'd take more'n one buzz wagon to do that little trick.

Ched—I'd jest like to buy that man for what he's worth, an' sell him for what he thinks he's worth. I'd make my everlastin' fortune.

Hez—(grinning) You'd never have to do another lick of work, would you, Ched?

(Enter Herman Steadyman).

Ched—Hello Hermie! You didn't get here in time for the latest.

Herm—How's that? What is the latest?

Ched—Oh, we've been takin' one of Hornblower's doses of Polk.

Hez—Yes, an' he's a red hot poker, too. Accordin' to his tell, he's got Polk elected, an' in the legislature. That's goin' some for one's future son-in-law, ain't it?

Mrs. T.—H'm! Son-in-law nothin'! Not if Marjory can help it. It's a shame, the way that man bulldozes his women folks—makin' Marjory be Goddess of Liberty in the percussion and declarin' she's got to marry that Polk, when she don't want him, no more'n I do.

Herm—I don't see any evidence that she is averse to it.

Mrs. T.—You don't? Well, as bright a man as you are in most things, Herman Steadyman, when it comes to women folks, you're mighty dull, is all I got to say.

Herm—I'll admit, Mrs. Timmons, they're too deep for me. (turning to Hez and Ched) So Hornblower has every thing cut and dried, has he?

Hez—Oh yes, an' if hurrah an' hullabaloo'll elect him, mebbly he'll get there.

Ched—Don't you worry none. Steady my boy. It's Polk rally today, but unless I miss my guess, it'll be Polk bury, election day. You'll be on top then.

Herm—I hope you are a good prophet Ched, for I'm in to win, but it's going to be a clean fight on my side.

(Enter Phoebe Timmons from left entrance and rushes toward front entrance, with sunbonnet hanging down back, having on apron in which is a big hole).

Mrs. T.—Phoebe, Phoebe! Come back here this minute. You're a purty lookin' object to go on the street on rally day. Put your sunbonnet on your head. You'll be gettin' more freckles than ever.

Phoebe—(who pays no attention, till Herman Steadyman catches her by the arm) Quit that! Let me go, the kids'll be waitin' for me. They'll be lots of w'ngons to jump on behind, (looking to see who has hold of her) Oh, is it you Steady?

Herm—(shaking head) Phoebe, what is going to become of you? What kind of a young lady will you be, if you don't stop being so wild?

Phoebe—Me? Oh, I'm going to be purty like Marjory Hornblower, an' have all the boys crazy about me.

Herm—Why, are all the boys crazy about her?

Phoebe—Are they? Well, I guess yes, an' you're the worst of any of 'em.

Hez—(as Herman drops Phoebe's arm) You know the old sayin' about children and fools, Steady.

Mrs. T.—(as Phoebe again starts for door) Phoebe, didn't I tell you to come back? The breakfast dishes ain't washed yet, an' you've got to help, when there's so much to do.

Phoebe—Plague take the dishes!

Mrs. T.—That'll do. If you don't help with the work, you can't go see the parade—not a step.

Phoebe—(half crying) Growned up folks is always spoilin' things. I wisht I was your maw, an' you was my little girl. I bet I'd make you stay home an' wash dishes; then you'd find out a thing or two.

Mrs. T.—No more of your sass. Go right out to the kitchen an' get to work. (Exit Phoebe slowly, pouting).

Mrs. T.—That girl'll be the death of me yet! I wish Timmons had left me something besides a tomboy, an' a hotel with a mortgage onto it. It's too much for a poor, lone woman.

Hez—Ain't that jest what I've been tellin' you right along?  
Ched—Ah, get out Hez! Your name's Dennis. (turning to Mrs. T.) When-





ever you git ready to immigrate to the state of matrimony, here's yer territory, ready to be admitted into the Union.

Mrs. T.—(tossing head) H'm! I don't know as I'm ready to jump out of the fryin' pan into the fire—not yet. (exit Mrs. T.)

Herm—(laughing heartily) There boys, you're fired all right.

Ched—I dunno. It takes the fire to cook what's in the fryin' pan, all right.

Herm—Well, I'm glad you're not discouraged. Hope one of you'll win out. (exit Herman S.)

Hez—(as Mrs. T. enters again) Where d'you reckon Betsy Brady is? She's allers the first one on deck, when any thing's goin' on.

Mrs. T.—Sh'll be here purty soon, don't you never doubt it—brass kittle an' all. (Sound of horse's feet are heard, then a loud "Whoa!") Phoebe runs in to see who is coming, and stands wiping a cup with dish towel).

Molly—(putting head in door L.) Phoebe Timmons come out here an' finish wipin' them dishes.

Phoebe—(going reluctantly) Oh, fiddle sticks! I don't get to see nothin'.

Ched—(looking out of window or door) There's Jake Nichols. Got his mother-in-law taggin' as usual. Hez, you'd better go out an' hold that fiery charger o' his'n while he helps out his women folks. He's druv that nag nigh unto forty year, but it's still pesky frisky.

Hez—Frisky! Why you couldn't budge that hoss if you'd tie a can of powder to its tail, an' then throw in a lighted match.

Ched—Well, he's mighty frisky, accordin' to Jake. (as Jake enters with wife and mother-in-law) Nobody's ever ben known to pass that hoss yet, has they Jake?

Jake—No they haint. Why that hoss has ben on the race track.

Ched—Let me see. That was before the war, wasn't it Jake?

Jake—You think you're all-fired smart now, don't you?

Hez—to change subject) All ready for the big celebration Jake?

Jake—Celebration! Call such tom foolery a celebration? It's all fol-de-rol! Just a waste of time and money! Wouldn't have come a step, if it hadn't been for these women folks, but they were plum set on comin', so I had to give in. (sound of shout "Hurrah for Polk," "Hurrah for Polk" is heard) What's that? Some-thin's comin' ain't they? (walks rapidly to door, bringing down his cane, which he carries because of a slight limp, heavily on floor).

Mrs. Fox—(sarcastically) No, you wouldn't have come a step, if it hadn't been for us women, would you? Who got us up at half past three this morning, for fear we wouldn't get here in time?

Jake—I'd like to know how you'd've got here, if I hadn't come? There aint nobody on the place can drive that hoss but me. You know that as well as I do.

Mrs. Fox—Jim couldn't have druv that old plug—no, of course not.

Jake—Huh! I wouldn't trust Jim with that hoss—not for a minute.

Mrs. Fox—I reckon Jim is too young to be trusted, bein' only about thirty years old, or thereabouts.

Jake—We won't argify another minute about that hoss. I say nobody else can drive him, an' that settles it.

Ched—How many times has that critter run away a'ready Jake?

Jake—W-h-y—well it's come mighty nigh it enough times, I can tell you. An' it was only 'cause I had the lines, that he didn't run away. Why six years ago last fall, when I was goin' down—

Hez—(interrupting) All right Jake, we'll take your word for it—we'll take your word for it.

Jake—Powerful dusty ain't it? Can't I help brush you off? (comes from behind Mrs. T.—Howdy do, Mis' Nichols, ain't saw you for an age. How are you Mis' counter and shakes and brushes dresses).

Mrs. N.—Yes, it's dreadful dusty, an' my mouth feels like it's plum full of dirt.

Might I have a drink of water? I'm awful dry.

Mrs. T.—Just wait till I get a fresh bucket full. This has stood till it won't be coolin'. (starts to take pail from counter).

Hez—(who tries to get up hurriedly, but falls back on chair two or three times) Let me get it for you, Mrs. Timmons, (as he finally gets on his feet) I'd be as spry as ever, if it wasn't for this tarnal rheumatiz.

Ched—(as Hez slowly limps over to counter) Don't be in a hurry Hez. Take your time to it, an' you'll live longer.

(Hez picks up scrub bucket from floor and starts off. L.)

Ched—(who walks leisurely across room and takes dipper out of bucket on counter) I don't s'pose you're meanin' to have 'em drink out of the scrub bucket, are you Mrs. Timmons? Hez is gittin' in his second childhood. (takes bucket, and goes after water).

Mrs. Fox—Well, I never! There's no fool like an old fool, and when an old fool's in love, he hain't got a lick o' sense.

Mrs. T.—(tossing head) I dunno as they're such fools. It'd likely be a differ-





ent story if the wind was in another quarter.

Mrs. Fox—If you're hintin' at me, Matildy Timmons, jist save your breath. I've had one man, an' that's enough for me.

Molly—(putting head in door at L.) I've been b'ilin' them beans ever since seven o'clock, an' they're still as hard as stones.

Mrs. T.—Did you put the sody into 'em, as I told you?

Molly—Law! I plum forgot about that. (withdraws head).

behind comes Ched with a broad grin on his face, carrying his bucket of water).

Ched—Mrs. Timmons wasn't caliklatin' on doin' no more scrubbin' today Hez. (Hez looks at his bucket, then at Ched's, and grasping the stuation, puts down his bucket, limps over to his chair, sits down and begins scratching his head).

Jake—(as several voices are heard shouting "Hurrah for Polk," and one voice shouts "Hurrah for Steadyman!") There what's that? Somethin's comin. (as he hurries to door stamping cane heavily on floor) It's all tommyrot, an' a foolish waste of money, but the women folks would come.

Mrs. N.—(as Jake comes back looking disgusted) Was it any thing Pa?

Jake—Nothin' but Hornblower an' some yelpin' boys. I'd a good deal better be home diggin' 'taters.

(Chug of auto is heard).

Col. H.—(entering in great haste) Is Ketchem here? (not seeing Ketchem) Confound that fellow! Where in the mischief can he be? I can't ketch 'im at all.

Ched—What's ruffled your feathers Ze—Col.?

Col. H.—A pretty kettle of fish! A wreck up the road, and I've got to take my auto and go up to Shank's crossing to get Polk. Don't see how I can be spared, for there's a thousand and one things to see to yet.

Ched—Better let Nichols take that fiery steed o' his'n, and go after Polk.

Col. H.—(much exasperated) Don't be a—a—hem! This is no time for foolin' Ched. I tell you we're up against it. But I've got to get a move on. Ched, I wish you'd tell Ketchem to put a row of flags 'round the speaker's stand, and to see that the big sign is put on the tree over the stand, with "Vote for Polk, and you vote for home and native land." And tell him to put the one that reads "Vote for Polk, and a full dinner pail" on the front post. Got that straight Ched?

Ched—Let me see. You want him to put a row of flags 'round the waterin' trough, an' the sign "Polk for vote, an' you poke your home an' native land" is to be put on the tree, an' the one "Vote for Polk, and he'll pull your dinner pail," goes on the post.

Col. H.—(in great disgust) Oh you stupid! I'll leave my instructions at the Emporium. (exit Col.H.).

Phoebe—(who has come in and is standing wiping a knife and fork) Goodness! Don't old Zeke Hornblower think he's "it?"

Phoebe—(being startled drops fork. She jumps up and down waving dish cloth) Oh goody goody! I dropped a fork. I'm goin' to have a beau, I'm goin' to have a beau!

Mrs. T.—I'll beau you, if you don't get back to the kitchen and help finish that work. The idea of you talkin' about havin' a beau!

Phoebe—Why can't I have one beau I'd like to know? You got two.

Mrs. T.—(starting towards Phoebe) You get out of here you little imp, or I'll ———(exit Phoebe hastily).

(Enter Miss Dyer with grip).

Mrs. T.—Didn't put in much time sellin' pour hair dye this morning, did you? Miss Dyer—Why nobody was home. Every body busy fixing for the parade. Any way, I believe this is the best place for my business today, as so many will be in and out. (going to Mrs. Fox) They have a beautiful day for the Rally, haven't they?

Mrs. F.—Yes, but it's awful dusty.

Miss Dyer—I notice there's some dust in your hair.

Mrs. F.—That's a kind that won't brush off. Nature dusted that.

Miss Dyer—(in a solemn tone) Then it is just as I suspected It is really gray. But you're entirely too young a woman to have gray hair. (taking bottle from grip) But I have something here that will bring back the natural color. (in loud whisper) It's a hair restorer—very valuable. (aloud) I am sole agent for Dr. Adolphus Dinwiddie's Alpine Hair Invigorator and Color Restorer. The most wonderful discovery known to modern science. Just look at my hair for proof of what it has done.

Mrs. F.—Your hair never was gray, was it?

Miss Dyer—Gray! I should say it was. I take after my father's side of the house, and they all turned gray young. Why I was real gray when I was twenty-five. Think of it! Only twenty-five.

Mrs. F.—You don't say now! I haven't took much stock in them hair dyes,





sense the time I got a bottle that turned my hair green. I was the funniest lookin' critter you ever seen. Couldn't go no place for weeks.

Ched—(aside) Bet that was a hard pill for the old lady to swallow.

Miss Dyer—You need have no fears of this. It is a vegetable compound—absolutely pure.

Mrs. F.—Now if I was real sure—

Miss Dyer (interrupting) Sure! I positively assure you madam, this is guaranteed to do all, and more than I have said. Are you troubled with corns? Now, even remove corns. I have testimonials from all over the country. (a good place to put in local hits, if desired).

Mrs. F.—Well, I believe I'll try a bottle (reaches in petticoat pocket and pulls out an old stocking) How much is it?

Miss Dyer—Only a dollar. The paltry sum of one dollar. (Mrs. F. fumbles in stocking, gets dollar and hands it to Miss D., and takes bottle).

Phoebe—(who hears shouts of "Hurrah for Polk" comes rushing through) I believe something's comin' now, for I thought I heard the band. Something's tootin' any way.

(All start for door and window, Nichols coming after women, thumping cane heavily on floor).

Jake—All fool nonsense;! Jest a waste of time an' money. But they would come.

Hez—(who tries to get up, but keeps falling back in chair) I'd be jest as spry as ever, if this plagui-i-ty rheumatiz would let me alone.

Ched—(turning back) Want me to help you to get on your pegs, Hez?

Hez—Tend to your own knittin'. You want to be turrible fresh don't you?

(all come back before Hez gets started) What's doin'?

Jake—Nothin' at all. Wasn't nary a thing in sight.

Ched—Guess Phoebe must've heard Abe Crook's old cow bawlin'.

Molly—(putting head in door at L.) Phoebe, ain't you never goin' to git these dishes done?

Phoebe—Oh dear! I can't have a bit of fun. It's nothin' but "Phoebe" here, an' "Phoebe" there. It makes me so provokin' I don't know what to do. (exit).

Jake—(turning to wife) What we foolin' 'round here for, I'd like to know? You said you wanted to do some tradin' before the parade, so think you'd better be gettin' it done. (exit Jake, wife and Mrs. Fox).

(Enter Betsy Brady, with a poke bonnet on, a brass kettle on one arm, and a poke weed branch, if possible, in other hand).

Betsy—(waving branch) Hurrah for Polk!

Hez—You kin hurrah all right, Betsy, but when it comes to votin', you won't count.

Phoebe—(who comes running in) Hello, Betsy! Say, if Polk's elected, will you get you a new kettle?

Betsy—This kettle is good enough for me, you sassy imp.

Phoebe—W'y you've been carryin' that old thing for forty years I reckon.

Betsy—Well s'posin' I have. What's the odds? I'm likely to carry it forty years more.

(Enter Molly who, without a word, takes Phoebe by the arm, and hurries her off).

Ched—You seem to be ready for the funeral, Betsy.

Betsy—Funeral! What do you mean, Ched Kuhl?

Ched—I see you've got your poke berry.

Betsy—(putting down brass kettle) You'll see. We'll not bury Polk—not by a long shot! (waving poke weed excitedly) He's the greatest man this country ever raised. He's bound to come out ahead.

Chd—Steady Betsy, Steady!

Betsy—Steady nothing! I know what you're driving at. You seem to think that young upstart, Herm Steadyman, is all there is, but what does he know about runnin' the government? He never had no experience. Why he's—

Miss Dyer—(who has stepped behind Betsy during this conversation to examine her hair) Excuse me Madam, but I see your hair is turning gray.

Betsy—Huh! What's that?

Miss Dyer—(stepping in front of Betsy) Why I say your hair is getting gray.

Betsy—Well, what if it is? That's none of your business, as fur as I know.

Miss Dyer—But madam, wouldn't you like to have it restored to its original color? I have something—(shows bottle)

Betsy—(interrupting) The color's all right. The Lord made me, an' he's done a good job, an' I ain't goin' to do nothin' to spoil it.

Miss Dyer—But my dear woman your entirely too good looking to—

Betsy—Oh get out with such taffy. You can't blarney me. I ain't runnin' after paint an' powder, an' hair dye an' sich sinful adornin's. They're all the work of





the old fellow himself, an' I'll have nothin' to do with 'em. (turning to Mrs. T.) 'Tildy, I'll jist leave my dinner here with you. (puts kettle on counter. Exit).

(Enter Mrs. Stubbins, and Marthy.)

Mrs. Stub—My goodness gracious sakes alive! Matildy Timmons, if you don't get that front step o' yourn fixed, I'll get my neck broke some o' these times. Sis, is my bunnet on straight? When I fell ag'in that post, I thought I'd knocked it an' my head both clean off. But my gracios! Where's Bub an' Baby? They'll git lost in the crowd. Sis, go tell Bub to fetch Baby. It's terrible to bring up three such reckless children.

Mrs. T.—Is there such a crowd gettin' in town Samanthy? I ain't had time to take even a peek out the door yet.

Mrs. Stub—Is there? Well, I should say there is. Comin' in droves from all directions, an' the dust so thick you can cut it with a knife.

Ched—Couldn't cut it with a sharp tongue, I reckon.

Mrs. Stub—What say? Oh, it's you, Ched Kuhl, is it? Hangin' round as usual. Why ain't you out, seein' what's goin' on? S'pose you can't git that far away from Matildy. An' there's Hez too. Both holdin' down the same old job, I see.

Ched—Well, we're onto our job anyway.

Mrs. Stub—Not as any body can see. You ain't neither of you made no head-way. Sakes alive! Where's that Sis now? (goes to door and calls) Sis! Sis, where are you Sis? Oh them reckless children!

Marthy—Here we are Maw. (enter Marthy, Amaziah and Mary Ann, all short and dumpy).

Mary Ann—(in a whiny and very drawly tone) Am-a-zi-ah git-off-my-toes. Maw-make Am-a-zi-ah-git-off-my-toes.

Amaziah—(in same drawly tone) Why-Mary-Ann-am-I-on-your-toes?

Mary Ann—Yes-Am-a-zi-ah-git-off-my-toes.

Mrs. Stub—Oh them reckless children. They're jist like Stubbins.

Ched—(aside) More like nubbins, I'd say.

Phoebe—(who enters wiping large platter, imitating drawl of children) Why-if-her-ain't-Sis-an'-Bub-an'-Baby. Am-a-zi-ah-you-ought-to-be-a-sham-ed-to-stay-on Ma-ry-Ann's-toes.

Mrs. T.—Phoebe!

Phoebe—Well-now-Ma-you-know-he-ought-to-be-e-sham-ed.

Mrs. T.—Phoebe, go to the kitchen this minute.

Phoebe—(going very slowly) Good-bye-Sis-an'-Bub-an'-Baby.

Mrs. Stub—'Tildy d'you care if I leave my basket here some place?

Mrs. T.—No, hand it here, and I'll take care of it. (puts basket behind counter).

Miss Dyer—(approaching with bottle held behind her back) Does your hair come out?

Mrs. Stub—(feeling all over her head) Why, is it coming off? I thought I had it pinned on good.

Miss Dyer—I didn't say come off, I said does it come out.

Mrs. Stub—I should say it does—in great hands full. (in loud whisper) Why I had to get a switch. But it's made of real hair.

Miss Dyer—(handing Mrs. S. a bottle) Here's something that'll put a stop to that. If you use it according to directions, you will have no more trouble with your hair coming out.

Mrs. Stub—(taking bottle) Why thanky mum. You're real good. Come on Sis an' Bub, an' Baby. (exit mother and children).

Miss Dyer—(too astonished at first to speak, rushes to door and calls) The price is one dollar a bottle. I didn't give it to you.

Amaziah—(coming back) Maw-says-that-she-hain't-got-no-dollar-fur-you-but she-wants-to-know-if-you'd-take-it-out-in-but-ter-an'-aigs?

Miss Dyer—You tell your ma I want a dollar, or that Restorer back. (follows boy out of door).

Ched—The old Gal will make a Restorer out of Samanthy, all right.

Hez—Yes, for she ain't one of the kind that gives somethin' for nothin'. She ain't willin' to say "No cure, no pay."

Miss Dyer—(coming back) Wonder if she thinks I'm here for my health? (exit L.).

(Enter Jess, Sadie and Lou all out of breath).

Sadie—Phoebe, oh Phoebe.

Jess—Where's Phoebe, Mis' Timmons?

Mrs. T.—She's busy in the kitchen.

Lou—Will she be done purty soon?

Mrs. T.—No, she won't. She's got to help Molly till after dinner.

Jess—Oh shucks! She'll miss all the fun.





Phoebe—(entering from L.) Hello kids! What you doin' now? (all go to R. F.)

Sadie—We're havin' the most fun, hangin' on wagons an' every thing. Wish you could be with us.

Lou—Can't you get off?

Phoebe—Wisht I could, but Ma's awful cranky today. She won't let me do nothin'.

Jess—Ask her if you can't go just a little while.

Phoebe—It won't do no good. I have ast her a dozen times a'ready. You ask her Jess.

Jess—Huh-uh! You don't ketch me. You ask her Sadie. She al'ays liked you. Sadie—(going to Mrs. T.) Mis' Timmons can't Phoebe go with us? We won't be gone but a little while.

Mrs. T.—No, she can't. There ain't no use askin'.

Phoebe—(as Sadie comes back) I knowed she wouldn't let me go.

Jess—It's just too mean. Why Phoebe you just ought to see things. (with many gestures) They've got flags all 'round the stand, and red an' white an' blue stuff looped all over it. An' they're goin' to have singin' an' preachin'—

Phoebe—(interrupting) Speechin', not preachin', you silly.

Jess—Well speechin' then. It's goin' to be awful fine, any how.

Lou—Yes, an' they're goin' to have a torch light percession, an' Goddess o'

Liberty, an' float—

Sadie—(interrupting) They ain't goin' to have float, no such thing.

Lou—They are too. I heard some of the men say so.

Sadie—Float's a mighty funny thing to have. Why don't they have ice cream?

Jess—You ninn'y-hummers! It ain't float what you eat, its just—just—why just a float in the percession.

Lou—An' Col. Hornblower's took his auto an' gone up where the wreck is, to bring the man what's goin' to speak.

Sadie—Col. Hornblower nothin'! My Pa says he ain't no Col. He never fit a

single battle in his life. My Pa he was a private, but he fit just like—just like any thing. He killed lots o' men—most a million I guess.

Phoebe—(taking hold of Jess' dress) Jess Bates, just look at your dress!

Jess—Um-hum! I know it. I'll get a lickin' I s'pose, but I ain't goin' home till I have to.

Phoebe—How'd'you ever tear it so?

Jess—Jumpin' on the hand car. An' then them mean old men wouldn't let us go.

Lou—No sir, they wouldn't. They put us right off, an' I never seen a wreck in my whole life.

Sadie—Grown ups is awful mean I think. I'll bet when I get growed up, I'll get even with some of 'em.

Jess—An' what d'you s'pose they said to us? (imitating) "Run home kiddies to your mammas." Just as if we was babies! I guess they don't know us.

Lou—Come on kids, let's go, or we'll lose out.

Phoebe—(as they start off) Wait a minute kiddlets. (all whisper together a minute, then girls go off).

Molly—(sticking head in door at L.) Phoebe Timmons them dishes ain't done finished yet.

Phoebe—Oh shoot! (goes off reluctantly to L.).

(Enter Herman Steadyman).

Hez—What about the wreck Steady? Is it purty bad?

Herm—Yes, it is quite a smash up.

Mrs. T.—What time will the passenger get in?

Herm—Can't tell. It will take some little time to clear things away.

Hez—Any one hurt?

Herm—No one seriously. A fireman sprained his ankle in jumping. Say Ched how about (begins talking in a low tone).

(Molly rushes through from L., goes out of street door, and returns immediately pulling Phoebe by the arm).

Phoebe—(trying to get away) Le' me go. You're yankin' my arm off.

Molly—I caught you this time. Thought you was smart didn't you? But Molly's brighter 'an you 'lowed she was. If you leave that kitchen again, till them

dishes is done, I'll—I'll—I'll wallop you, that's what I will. (exit L.).

(Enter Marjory Hornblower, Helen Cooper, Carrie Frazier, Irene Campbell and Artie Flasher, all laughing).

Helen—Oh, we can't do that, Marjory.

Marj—Well we just will, if I can plan it. See if we don't.

Irene—You awful Marjory.

Artie—I'll bet on Marjory, by Jove I will, te, he, he! She always does what she starts out to do, te, he, he!



Carrie—Why here's Herman. How are you? Ready to give up, seeing all this show?

Artie—He might as well, he's in the soup, te, he, he!

Herm—(smiling, goes towards group) Not exactly. While there's life there's hope you know. Good morning for the Folkers. Every dog has his day, Girls.

Irene—It is a good morning.

Helen—How do you do, Herman?

Marj—Good morning, (these greetings should all be given about the same time).

Carrie—Has Jay Jenkins been here, Mrs. Timmons?

Mrs. T.—I ain't seen him sence breakfast time.

Helen—We've been chasing that Jay all morning, and I for one am tired of it. He knows we meet here to practice the rally song, so let's wait till he comes.

Ched—The Symphony Quartet seem to have a hard time assemblin' theirselves.

Phoebe—(entering from L., unrolling sleeves) Ma, I've got them old dishes done at last, an' I'm goin' down street a minit.

Mrs. T.—No, you ain't goin' a step. You have to help set the table.

Phoebe—(beginning to cry) I don't care! What's the use in havin' things goin' on, if you can't never get to see nothin'?

Marj—Where's my streak of sunshine, Mrs. Timmons? I haven't seen her today.

Phoebe—Well it ain't fair, Marjory. All the girls as havin' fun, hangin' on wagons, an' seein' all the folks come to town, an' Ma just makes me stay here an' dig all th' time.

Artie—Guess Phoebe must have got out the wrong side of the bed this morning, te, he, he!

Phoebe—(indignantly) Well I guess I didn't te, he, he! (makes a face at Flasher).

Marj—Never mind Phoebe. Your mother needs your help today. You do all you can, and I'll take you a nice auto ride tomorrow.

Phoebe—(brightening) Will you, honest, Marjory? Can Steady go too?

Marj—(rather embarrassed) Why—I don't suppose Mr. Steadyman would care to go?

Phoebe—You can't fool me! Wouldn't you like to go, Steady?

Herm—Wouldn't I though? Tell her to try me.

Phoebe—Hurrah for our side! Steady's goin' too.

(Enter Miss Ann Eliza Snapp, and niece Clara Castleton).

Miss Snapp—Was there ever anything so disagreeable? Just think, Clara! Here we are stranded in this awful town, for dear knows how long. Why can't they have their wrecks, so as not to inconvenience people, if they must have them?

Ched—(aside) Wrecks is always made to order.

Miss Snapp—And not a single cab at the station. The idea of havin' to ride in such a vehicle. So high we could scarcely climb into it.

Clara—Why auntie, I thought it was quite a lark. We were in luck to get any thing at all to ride in, as the station is so far from town.

Miss Snapp—That's just it. Why didn't they build the town near the depot? And the dust! Mercy! I don't believe they have sprinkled the streets for a week.

Ched—(aside) We might have the depot moved up town, if she ain't in too big a hurry.

Clara—Now auntie, don't worry, or you'll have one of your nervous spells. Everything will come out all right. We'll engage a room, where you can be quiet, and take a long rest.

Miss Snapp—Rest! I don't suppose they have a decent room in the house, and how can you expect any one to rest with all this noise. (Voices heard shouting "Hurrah for Polk," Hurrah for Polk!") One would think all bedlam was let loose.

Ched—(aside) Other things let loose, besides Bedlam, I should say.

Miss Snapp—(going to counter) Have you a decent room, where one can be a little retired?

Ched—(aside) You've made us all tired, and retired too.

Mrs. T.—Yes ma'am. Every thing about the Palace Hotel is of the very best.

Miss Snapp—Very well. I want your best room. Would prefer one with a bath.

Mrs. T.—One with a bath! We ain't give it a bath since house cleanin' time, but that ain't been long.

Clara—My aunt means a room with a bath room attached.

Mrs. T.—We ain't got no room with a bath room attached. There's plenty of water in the cistern, an' you can take a bath in any room. If the wash basin won't hold enough, you can have a tub. My back parlor is good enough for any body, an' you can take it, or let it alone.

Miss Snapp—But my good woman—

Mrs. T.—(interrupting) I ain't your good woman, nor no body else's good woman.





Clara—You misunderstand Auntie, Mrs. ——— Mrs. T.—Timmons, is my name. Mrs. Timmons, relic of the late Timmons, who left me nothing but a tomboy girl, and this hotel with a mortgage-onto it, an' goodness knows I'm tryin' hard enough to get that lifted off.

Clara—If you will please show us the room, Mrs. Timmons?

Mrs. T.—Phoebe, show these ladies to the back parlor.

Phoebe—What for? Can't they follow their noses, and find it themselves?

Clara—Your house is strange to us, little girl.

Miss Snapp—Such impudence! Tip her, Clara, and see what that will do.

Phoebe—She'd better not. I could knock her into the middle of next week, an' not half try.

Clara—(laughing) Why, didn't any one ever tip you before, Phoebe?

Phoebe—Nobody but Ma and Molly, and I'm gettin' too big now for them to tip me over their knees, so they just yank me around.

Clara—Pretty good, Phoebe, but that isn't our kind of tip. Now you show us——

Miss Dyer—(interrupting and speaking to Miss S.) Just one minute before you go.

Miss Snapp—(looking astonished) Well!

Miss D.—I don't like to trouble you, but have something of the utmost importance to say to you.

Miss Snapp—What can you have to say to me, that in any way could be of importance?

Miss D.—(in low voice) Step over here please. What I have to say, would better be said privately.

Miss S.—Privately! (to Clara) What can the creature mean?

Clara—Go see auntie. She can't hurt you.

Miss Snapp—(goes to Miss D. C. F.) Now my good woman what is it? Be brief please, for I'm very tired.

Miss D.—(aside) Now look for some fun.

Miss D.—I see that the locks around your temples are beginning to show——

Miss Snapp—(interrupting) What!

Miss D.—Time is beginning to work havoc——

Miss Snapp—(interrupting again) How dare you?

Miss D.—(unmoved) I will be your benefactor. Let me restore to their natural color those once raven locks. Look at me and see what has been done—not a gray hair to be seen when once it was all silvered o'er. I am agent for Dr. Adolphus Dinwiddie's celebrated Alpine Hair Restorer and Invigorator, and——

Miss Snapp—(interrupting) Is that what you are detaining me for? Such insolence! Clara get me away from this vulgar creature as soon as possible.

Clara—All right auntie. Now my girl——

Phoebe—(interrupting) Well come on. I'll see you don't get lost.

(Exit Miss Snapp, Clara and Phoebe, L.)

Miss D.—Vulgar creature! Did you ever? When I only wanted to keep her from looking old. Some people are most awful touchy. (sighing) That's the thanks I get for being a philanthropist. (exit).

Ched—I don't know about the "phil" or the "an" part, but I can swear to her hein' a "pest," all right.

Mollie—(sticking head in door) I jist can't git them beans b'iled done, Mis' Timmons.

Mrs. T.—Well cook 'em till the last minit, an' if they ain't soft then, they'll have to eat 'em hard, that's all there is to that.

Mr. Ketchem—(entering in great excitement) Mrs. Timmons, did Hornblower leave the key to the Hall with you?

Mrs. T.—No, Mr. Ketchem, he didn't. Why?

Mr. K.—Why every thing is locked up in the town hall, and it looks as if Hornblower has gone off with the key. Things are in a purty mess.

Ched—Things is goin' pokier than you 'lowed they would, ain't they Ketchem?

(Mr. K. gives Ched a withering look, but says nothing).

Herm—I think I can help you out Mr. Ketchem. I have a key that will unlock the hall. (reaches in pocket and takes out a bunch of keys).

Mr. K.—(face clearing) You're a brick, Steadyman! I appreciate this, I really do.

Herm—I'll go with you and see if it's all right. (exit Mr. K. and Herman).

Artie—That's what they call "heapin' coals of fire, ain't it? Te, be, he! But I'd better take another look for that Jay. If he's got with Mary Hunt, I'll have to hunt to find him, te he, he! Now that was a good one by Jove! Say, that is rich, te, he, he! (exit Artie).

Clara—(who enters and goes to group of girls) Girls won't you take pity on a poor forlorn creature, stranded in a strange town? I know there is something





going on, and I'm crazy to get in.

Marj—We surely will.

Irene—We'll be glad to have you with us.

Clara—What is going on any way? But first I'd better tell you who I am. I'm Clara Castleton, and am traveling with my aunt. Because of the wreck up the road, we'll have to stay in Pokeyville, goodness knows how long.

Marj—I'm Marjory Hornblower, and these are my friends, Miss Campbell, Miss Frazier, and Miss Cooper. (girls acknowledge introduction) We're having a big political rally in our town.

Helen—And you're in time to see the whole performance.

Clara—That's great! Will they have a torch light procession?

Carrie—Sure thing! And Marjory is to be Goddess of Liberty.

Clara—(with hand on heart) I bow to the Goddess.

Marj—Now you're making fun of me.

Clara—Indeed I'm not. I think the whole thing will be immense, and it is lovely in you girls to let me share in your good times. I'm sure I'll not be sorry we struck your town.

Artie—(entering and going to girls) No use in trying to get that Jay Jenkins.

It's so near noon now, we'll have to wait to practice till after dinner.

Marj—Miss—Miss—Why I can't remember your name.

Clara—Castleton.

Marj—Oh yes, how stupid in me! Miss Castleton, meet Mr. Flasher. (they acknowledge introduction).

Artie—I seen you get off the train. You're from the city, aint you? Te, he he!

Clara—What makes you think I'm from the city?

Artie—Oh, I know 'em. They all have an air, by Jove! I was in the city of Chicago six months, te, he, he!

Clara—Were you?

Artie—Say, city life's great, ain't it? Always something doing, te, he, he!

Clara—How did you come to leave? It seems to me your place would naturally be in a city.

Artie—(straightening up) I'm so glad to meet someone who understands me. By Jove, I am. You see, the dull season came on, and they didn't need me any longer. I was the last man laid off.

Ched—Yes, an' the first one too, I reckon. (this is an aside).

Irene—It must be nearly noon.

Carrie—Come on girls, we must hustle.

Marj—(to Clara) We'll see you later.

Girls—Good bye Miss Castleton.

Artie—Good bye Miss Castleton. You seem like an old friend, being from the city. I'll try to see you again. (exit group at street door. Exit Clara at L.).

(Molly opens door at left and rings a great big dinner bell. Here the curtain may fall if two acts are desired. If only one act is desired, the play goes on without fall of curtain.

#### CURTAIN.

(As curtain rises, boarders enter, hang up hats and pass through to L., among them Herman Steadyman, Jay Jenkins and Miss Long, a milliner).

Mrs. T.—(to Miss Long who hangs up wrap) S'pose you've done a rushin' business this mornin'. Miss Long?

Miss Long—Yes, I sold a number of hats. It kept us hustling to get them trimmed, as every body wanted a new fall hat, in time for the parade. (exit L.).

Mr. Johnson—(as he enters) Hurrah for Polk! Eh, Ched?

Hez—You'd better. He's needin' it bad enough.

Ched—You've got him elected, have you, Johnson?

Mr. J.—You bet we have Ched.

Ched—It's never a good thing, Sonny, to say you're safe on t'other side o' the bridge, 'fore you've sot foot onto it; 'specially when the planks is rotten. (Mr. J. goes to washtsand, pours out water and washes hands vigorously).

Mrs. T.—Any thing doin' over at the Emporium, Mr. Johnson?

Mr. J.—Rushed to death. Got to swallow my dinner in a hurry and get back. Can't see a bit of the fun. (exit to L.).

Molly—(brings in a tray for Mrs. T.) I 'lowed you'd not git time to git a bite to eat, so I brung you your dinner right in here.

Mrs. T.—That's kind in you, Molly. I mebbly can eat between times.

Mrs. Stub—(who enters with children) We'll take our basket now 'Tildy.

Mrs. T.—(looking for basket) Let me see, where did I put your basket? Oh, here it is. (hands out basket).

Mrs. Stub—Guess we can't find no better place to eat our dinner, than right here. Sis and Bub, bring up them chairs. I'm clean tuckered out. (turning to



Mrs. T.) 'Course 'Tildy, you don't mind if we eat here. We won't make no crumbs, an' they ain't nobody here.

Mrs. T.—But there may be any time.

Mrs. Stub—Oh well, it won't take us no time. We'll be through in a jiffy.

Mary Ann—(as she and Bub both try to sit in same chair) Am-a-zi-ah-let-me-have-this-chair.

Anna—I ain't-go-in'-to-do-it-Ma-ry-Ann. I-got-this-chair-first.

Mary Ann—(beginning to cry) I don't-care. I-ain't-got-no-chair.

Mrs. Stub—I declare for it you ain't, have you, baby? 'Tildy, would you mind fetchin' us another chair?

Mrs. T.—There's a stool over there, won't that do?

Mrs. Stub—I'm afraid not. Baby never could sit on a stool, fur she has a weak back.

Mrs. T.—(who has been eating, sighs, but goes for chair) Some folks do need lots of waitin' on.

Mrs. Stub—(reaches in basket and hands out thick slices of bread and butter) Here! Bub—here Baby—here Sis.

Mrs. T.—(coming in with chair) Here's your chair, Samantha.

Mrs. Stub—All right 'Tildy, fetch it right over here. Want a pickle Bub? Here's one fur you, Sis, an' Baby, here's yourn.

Anna—Ain't-you-got-no-meat-Maw?

Mrs. Stub—Sure, but ain't got to it yet (brings out a big ring of bologna sausage, and hunts in basket for a knife) Goodness gracious! If I hain't forgot a knife, 'Tildy, got a knife handy?

Mrs. T.—(shortly) No, I ain't.

Mrs. Stub—Sis, you run out and ast Molly to lend us a knife.

Mrs. T.—Molly's just as busy as kin be.

Mrs. Stub—Oh it won't take her but a minit, an' I got to get this meat cut, (exit Sis).

Betsy Brady—(entering) I'm ready f'r my kittle now 'Tildy.

Mrs. T.—All right, Betsy, here it is. (exit Betsy B.).

Anna—Gim-me-some-more-bread-maw.

Mrs. Stub—You'd better save room f'r somethin' besides bread, Bub.

Miss Plummer—(entering) Am I too late for dinner, Mrs. Timmons?

Mrs. T.—I guess not, Miss Plummer. Think you'll find a great plenty yet.

Mary Ann—Who's-that-Maw?

Mrs. Stub—(in loud whisper) I dunno Baby. Who is that 'Tildy? (exit Miss P. at L.).

Mrs. T.—You might 've let her get out, before asking such a question.

Mrs. Stub—Why she ain't ashamed of her name is she?

(Enter Sis with knife, and forgetting her question, Mrs. S. cuts rounds of sausage, and hands out other things from basket).

Mary Ann Maw-I-want-a-drink.

Mrs. Stub—So do I, Baby. Sis, you fetch that bucket o' water right over here, an' we can all have a drink.

Sis—Let Bub go fur it, I got the knife.

Anna—I-can't-Sis-I-ain't-et-my-pic-yet.

Mrs. Stub—Can't you let Bub eat his dinner in peace? You go fetch that bucket.

Mrs. T.—We always keep that bucket settin' right here.

Mrs. Stub—What if you do? We won't keep it but a minit. Hurry up, Sis. (Sis brings over bucket and Mrs. S. looks in basket) Now what do you think of that? I laid them glasses out on the table, in plain sight, an' then forgot to put 'em in.

Mary Ann (whining) I-can't-drink-out-of-a-dip-per-Maw.

Mrs. Stub—'Course you can't, Baby. 'Tildy, will you fetch us some drinkin' glasses? I forgot to put mine in the basket. I had 'em all laid out.

Mrs. T.—There's the dipper, use that.

Mrs. Stub—I was brung up to drink out of a glass, when I was eatin', an' I've brung up my children the same way.

Mrs. T.—(curtly) All our glasses are in use.

Mrs. Stub—Well, you needn't be so snappy about it. (to Mary Ann) I guess you must use a dipper this time, honey. Some people are so afraid of doin' a body a favor. (all drink from dipper, Mrs. S. takes back bucket and knife). Here's your bucket an' your knife. (Goes back to put things back in basket) Pick up every crumb children, or we may get our heads took off. (takes basket and starts toward street door, as boarders begin coming from dining room). I did think I'd let my basket here till night, but after such treatment, I won't. Come on children. (exit Mrs. S. and children).

(Boarders pass through and out of street door. Ched comes in among the first and takes his accustomed place. Hez comes last).





Ched—There's one fact I've become famil'ar with, Hez.

Hez—You have eh? Well give it to us.

Ched—Why when it comes to the eatin' business, your name's never Dennis.

Hez—Good land! Didn't s'pose I was eatin' all this time? I was tryin' to chew them beans.

(Enter young people from street door, and Clara C. from L. and they meet R. F.)

Artie—Howdy do, Miss Castleton. Glad to see you again. By Jove, I am, te, he, he!

Clara—(indifferently) Thank you, Mr. Flasher. (turns to Marjory).

Artie—Yes indeed, Miss Castleton. It is so seldom I have a chance to meet people of my own kind, don't you know, te, he he!

Marj—Too bad; you are in a class by yourself, Artie.

Artie—Oh-I why-Marjory, I didn't mean you, you know I didn't.

Carrie—Jay Jenkins hasn't left yet, has he, Mrs. Timmons?

Mrs. T.—No, I think he's still around.

Ched—Likely to be here a spell yet. He's monieurin' his face. He's found another blackhead.

Helen—Won't you please call him, Mrs. Timmons, for we want to practice this quartet. (enter Jay J. and Herman S. from L., who join group) Oh, here he is now.

Carrie—As we have so little time, if you'll excuse us, we will go to the parlor at once.

Marj—Why don't you practice right here? Every body's gone now.

Artie—Oh, I don't know. It's harder for me to sing before a few, than before a crowd, te he, he!

Marj—As we're not your kind, Artie, we don't count.

Artie—Ah, now Marjory!

Jay—Come on, let's get busy. I've got an engagement. It's all right with you, if we sing here, is it, Mrs. Timmons?

Mrs. T.—Why sure. Go right ahead.

(Quartet, Helen, Carrie, Jay and Artie, take places C. F., facing audience. Jay takes tuning fork from pocket, and tries to give pitch, but they do not get right tones. They make several starts, breaking down, getting on different keys. This should be made as ridiculous as possible.)

Ched—(when they get pitch too high) 'They h'isted the meter clean out o' sight that time. (when they finally get so they can begin) Well, it looks like they might be beginnin' to get ready to start.

They finally sing song through without stopping, but there should be discords and at close, one should come out two or three words behind the others.)

(While they are singing, Molly comes in with dustpan in one hand and a dish towel in other, and listens in open mouthed admiration. Phoebe comes in with a large piece of pie in her hands.)

*Tune—"Marching Through Georgia."*

*Bring the good old voters boys, to listen to our song,  
Song of Polk's election, that will help us all along,  
Listen as we gaily sing it, good and loud and strong,  
While we are marching for Polk, sir.*

CHORUS

*Hurrah! Hurrah! He'll bring the jubilee.*

*Hurrah! Hurrah! 'Tis Polk who makes us free.*

*So we'll sing the chorus over land and over sea,*

*While we are shouting for Polk, sir.*

*How the people shouted, "Polk for us," with joyous sound,*

*How the valleys, hills and dates with praises did redound,*

*How the turkeys gobbled while they strutted all around,*

*While they were gobbling for Polk, sir.*

CHORUS

*How the workman's dinner pail, full always will be found,*

*How the corn and oats will grow, by mighty leap and bound,*

*How the sweet potatoes will be starting from the ground,*

*When we have won out for Polk, sir.*

CHORUS

(After song all applause and young people leave. Enter Miss Dyer from Left.)

Mrs. Fox—(entering) 'Tildy have you seen any thing of my glasses? I've lost 'em, but am sure I had 'em when we was here.

Mrs. T.—I ain't seen nothin' of 'em, but look around, an' you'll likely find 'em, if they're here. (Mrs. F. looks in every available spot.)





Mrs. Stokes—(entering) Howdy 'Tildy. Might I leave my dinner basket here? We don't want to pack it around all afternoon. I'll just set it down on the counter, an' if it's in your way, you can move it. I'm in an awful hurry, for Jane wants to do some tradin' before the parade begins, an' wants me to look after the baby.

Mrs. T.—Did you come—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) Yes, we come about noon. We talked once o' comin' in this morning and takin' dinner with you, but 'Tildy, twenty-five cents a head is just too much to pay.

Ched—Twenty-five cents may be too much for any head in this neighborhood, but it ain't too much for any stomach I ever met in Pokeyville.

Mrs. Stokes—I don't see as it's any of your put in, Ched Kuhl. You ain't running this hotel yet. Like's any way, you don't pay a cent for your dinners. But I must go, or Jane'll get tired waitin'. Lan sakes! If there ain't Hester Ann Fox. I ain't laid my eyes on her, since Jack broke his leg. (going to Mrs. Fox) How are you, Hester Ann? How's Jack gettin' along?

Mrs. F.—Why he's—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) Better is he? Well, I'm mighty glad to hear that. Commenced pickin' corn yet?

Mrs. F.—Jake says—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) Is that so? It's best not to be in too big a hurry. How's your chickens? We're havin' terrible luck with ours. Something's ketchin' 'em.

Mrs. F.—Do you—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) Don't know. Say, has Dell got her dress done yet?

Mrs. F.—Why she—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) That's too bad. You see I got mine made, an' on. The pattern called for nine gores, but I thought eight was enough, as I wanted it to be stylish. But I must go, for Jane's waitin' for me to look after the baby, while she trades. I'd like to stay and have a little chat, for I do enjoy hearin' you talk. (starts for door) By the way, is it so that George Hays and Hannah Moore have played out?

Mrs. F.—Why I heard—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) You don't say! I just thought he'd go back on her, when she run after him the way she did. But mercy! I must tear myself away. (gets to door) Do you know whether Scrutherses got a man to work for 'em yet? I hear they're lookin' for one.

Mrs. F.—Mrs. Scruthers said—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) That's a fact. Men is awful hard to get. They're as scarce as hen's teeth. Mrs. White's children's got the measles ain't they? Are they all down with 'em?

Mrs. F.—Bennie and Minnie—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) Did you ever! That's dreadful hard. But you must not tell me another thing, for I must go.

Miss Dyer—(coming between Mrs. S. and the door) Can you spare me a minute? Ched—(aside) We could spare you for several hours if it's just the same to you.

Mrs. Stokes—Don't see how I can, for I'm to take care of Jane's baby while she trades, an' I've been kept too long now. What do you want?

Miss Dyer—Your hair needs—  
Mrs. Stokes—Yes, I know it needs combing. I got so little and it's so short I can't do nothing with it but I ain't no time to fix it now.

Miss Dyer—It needs a restorer. (holding up bottle) Dr. Adolphus Dinwiddie's—

Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) Who's he? I don't know Dr. Dolphus Dodiddle from Adam's off ox. Any thing the matter with him?

Miss Dyer—You give me no chance—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) You'll have to hurry, for Jane's waitin'. What's this doctor done?

Miss Dyer—I'm selling his Hair Restorer. It will—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) Yes, brings hair back. I had typhoid fever, an' you can see I ain't got none to speak of. You wash your head with it. I see.

Miss Dyer—All necessary—  
Mrs. Stokes—(interrupting) Oh I can't wait to hear no long rignmarole now, for I'm in too big a hurry. (exit).

(Some time during conversation with Miss Dyer, Mrs. Fox leaves).

(Enter C. D. Sharp.

Sharp—Hello every body. What's going on in Pokeyville? Never saw things so stirred up.

Hez—We're havin' a political rally.



Ched—You must have hustled a mite to get here to be in the percession, as you're ahead o' your date.

Mrs. T.—Why we wasn't lookin' for you today Mr. Sharp an' I've give your room to the Hon. Polk.

Sharp—Well, I'll soon poke him out of that. (to Ched) Couldn't make my towns because of that wreck, so hired a rig and came across country. My! but it's dusty. Think I'll remove a few layers the first thing. (goes to wash stand, pours out water, picks up towel, which is not very clean, and looks doubtfully at it).

Mrs. T.—Phoebe, fetch a clean towel. (enter Phoebe with towel).

Sharp—Hello! Here's my little wild Indian.

Phoebe—Oh, Mr. Sharp, did you fetch me that string of beads this time, that you promised me?

Sharp—Did I promise you some beads, Phoebe?

Phoebe—You needn't try to get out of it. 'Course you did.

Sharp—(who has washed face and hands, shakes finger at Phoebe) Did I now? Are you sure Phoebe? You must have dreamed it.

Phoebe—Now you quit guying me. You said you'd fetch 'em sure this time, but if you don't want to get 'em, you don't have to.

Sharp—(takes out box from pocket, and holds up a string of glass beads) How does that strike my little Comanche Indian?

Phoebe—(grabbing for beads) O-o-o-oh! Ain't they beaut's?

Sharp—(laughing and jerking beads back) Easy there, Phoebe! I haven't said they're yours.

Phoebe—(looking disappointed) Ain't they for me, Mr. Sharp, now honest ain't they?

Sharp—Well, let's put them on and see how they look. (puts beads on Phoebe's neck).

Phoebe—Whoop-ee! Ain't they dandies? (goes to glass and admires herself, then dances over to Ched) Won't I look swell, Ched, when I get my Sunday frock on?

Sharp—I haven't said they're your's yet.

Ched—Tell him percession is nine p'int's in law Phoebe.

Phoebe—I believe you're joshin' me, Mr. Sharp. I'm goin' to show 'em to Mollie any way. Won't she be envious? (exit Phoebe L.).

Miss Dyer—(who has been "sizing up" Sharp and has taken out and put back a bottle of her Invigorator several times during the conversation between Phoebe and Sharp, now approaches) Pardon me, sir, but I have been wondering what has caused your hair to turn gray, when you are so youthful in appearance, and actions.

Sharp—(solemnly) Disappointment in love, madam, disappointment in love. Miss Dyer—How sad! I can sympathize with you, for I too have suffered the pangs of unrequited love.

Sharp—Say, it's awful, isn't it? (in dramatic tone) When it first gets its fangs gripped about your heart— that unrequited feller—isn't it horrible? For a long time I was undecided as to whether I should commit suicide, or let my hair turn gray.

Miss Dyer—(holding up bottle) I have something here—

Sharp—(interrupting) Something to cure a broken heart? Give me a dose quick—a whopping big dose.

Miss Dyer—I'm sorry I have no remedy for broken hearts, but this will restore your hair to its natural color.

Sharp—O-h a hair dye!

Miss Dyer—No, indeed, it is not a common hair dye, by any means. It is Dr. Adolphus Dimwiddle's celebrated hair Invigorator and color Restorer. It is the most wonderful discovery known to modern science. (goes near Sharp, shakes finger and speaks in low mysterious tone) Do you know Mr. Peter Ketchum of the Em-porium?

Sharp—Know him! I should guess yes. What's the matter with him? Is he dead, eloped or absconded?

Miss Dyer (impre-sively) He's taken the agency for this wonderful tonic, and will continue to sell it after I leave.

Sharp—If that's the case I'll have to buy of him, as we're great friends. I was going to order a dozen bottles from you, but—

Miss Dyer—(interrupting) But Mr. Ketchum won't have it till the first of January, and besides I'm in a position to make you a special discount, if you buy a dozen bottles. (reaches in grip, and gets two bottles of different sizes, and holds one towards him) Now if you take twelve bottles of this size, I can make—

Sharp—(interrupting) No, no, that wouldn't do at all. Ketchum never would get over it. But see here, I'll put you onto something. My friend Grouch will be along pretty soon. He's a mighty fine chap, and by the way is a bachelor. He's a dandy looker, but poor fellow, he has to wear a wig. Now that will be your chance,





but you must be mighty careful how you approach him, for he's awful sensitive about it.

Miss Dyer—Trust me, Mr. Sharp, I've a great deal of tact.

Ched—(aside) Her tact is all brass, as fur's I can see.

Miss Dyer—I'd better make myself more presentable, for I expect I ought to look my prettiest. (exit L.).

Hez—The impossible can't be did.

(Enter Grouch).

Sharp—Hello Grouch! I thought you'd tumbled in.

Grouch—None of your nonsense Sharp. I'm disgusted—plum disgusted.

Sharp—Why what's the matter, old man?

Grouch—It's abominable, that's what. Here I've ridden over from Joy Center through this nasty dust, thinking I could see Ketchem, and get right out of this beastly hole, but Ketchem isn't to be found, and they tell me the train is hours late.

Sharp—Cheer up, old man, cheer up. There's a big rally on, and——

Grouch—(interrupting) Rally be hanged! What do I care for a rally? I don't know what the firm means by sending a man like me to such a town any way.

Sell more than any man they have on the road—yes more than any two. I'm the best notion man they have in the west. Sell \$140,000 a year.

Sharp—Sure that isn't just a notion of your own?

Grouch—(angrily) Don't you suppose I know what I'm talking about?

Sharp—Course you do. But say, Grouch, I've something to tell you that will live you up a bit, I'm thinking. There's the sweetest young lady landed here, and she's no joke.

Grouch—None of your guying, Sharp.

Sharp—Ain't I right, Ched?

Ched—She's certainly a hummer.

Sharp—She's got Ketchem going some, I can tell you.

Grouch—H'm! If she's stuck on Ketchem! Where is she? Show me this wonder, I'm from Missouri!

Mrs. T.—She went to her room a little while ago, but I think she'll be back in a few minutes.

Grouch—Got a whisk broom, Sharp? Just brush a little of this everlasting dust, will you?

Sharp (winking at Ched) Sure! It's a good thing I'm a married man, or I'd lead you a merry chase.

Ched—You'll have to put your best foot for'ard, 'cause Ketchem seems to have a stand in.

Grouch—Oh, Ketchem! (goes to glass, combs hair, etc., then goes to counter and takes matches from box, puts them in his pocket, and stands with back to Sharp. Sharp goes to L. C., and stands with elbows resting on counter, facing front. (Enter Miss Dyer from L., and goes towards Sharp and Grouch).

Sharp—(touching Grouch on arm) Miss Dyer, let me make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Grouch.

(The expression, when Grouch turns and sees Miss Dyer, causes Mrs. Timmons to stuff her apron in her mouth, and get down behind counter. Hez laughs silently, but shakes all over, while Ched fairly doubles up. During this conversation, those on stage pantomime all of the time).

Miss Dyer—I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Grouch. Mr. Sharp has told me so much about you, I feel that we will be great friends.

Sharp—That's right Grouch. I've told her all sorts of nice things about you.

Miss Dyer—Do you know, Mr. Grouch, you remind me very much of a cousin of mine. Really the resemblance is quite striking (simplering).

Grouch—He must be a fine chap, if he looks like me.

Mrs Dyr—Indeed he is, and he's my favorite cousin too. We grew up together.

Sharp—How jolly for him!

Miss Dyer—(archly) Now, Mr. Sharp, do you mean that as a compliment for me?

(Grouch makes face behind Miss Dyer's back).

Sharp—Sure I do.

Miss Dyer—Mr. Sharp is such a joker, I never know how to take him. I want to tell you about this cousin of mine. When he was twenty-one years old he had a spell of fever, and do you know, every bit of his hair came out. Why he was perfectly bald.

Grouch—That was tough for him sure. Do you live in Pokeyville, Miss Dyer? Miss Dyer—Oh no! My home is in Kokomo, Indiana. But to finish my story. The poor fellow didn't know what to do, for it was terrible to be bald, when so young.

Grouch—Mrs. Timmons, is there any mail for me? (Mrs. T. shakes her head). Miss Dyer—The only thing to do was to wear a wig, and he felt so badly about it. Do you know he was actually sensitive on the subject.



Grouch—(aside) What in the nation is she driving at?

Miss Dyer—Now, I don't see why one should feel sensitive about wearing a wig, but he did, so he tried every thing he heard of, to make his hair grow. He was in despair—actually in despair, when a friend recommended Dr. Dinwiddie's hair Invigorator and color Restorer, and it worked wonders. He soon threw away his wig, and now has a fine head of hair—just as thick and wavy.

Grouch—(aside) What in the deuce is the matter with the woman? A lucky find for him, certainly.

Miss Dyer—Wasn't it? It's the best remedy known.

Sharp—It is for a fact, Grouch. Nothing like it.

Miss Dyer—I have a sample bottle with me, which I'll be very glad to give you. (holds out bottle).

Grouch—But my dear madam, what would I do with it? I have no use for the stuff.

Miss Dyer—Oh take it please. I'm delighted to be able to do something for my fellow man. I am agent for this wonderful discovery, and I am positive it is what you need. It does not pay to be too sensitive, Mr. Grouch. There are a great many people who wear wigs. (puts bottle in his hand. Exit L. All on stage laugh).

Grouch—I'm not one of them, I can tell you that. See here Sharp, I'll wager this is some of your work. Mrs. Timmons, maybe you can use this dope.

Mrs. T.—Indeed I can't. I want you to know I haven't a gray hair in my head, and it ain't colored either. I wouldn't use that stuff, any way.

Grouch (putting down bottle in no gentle way) Well take it and use it to kill mosquitoes with. (shaking fist at Sharp) I'll get even with you old fellow. (mumbles) I'll go find Ketchem. (exit Grouch at street door).

Ched—Think he's goin' to fight a duel with Ketchem, Sharp?

Sharp—Wouldn't be surprised Ched. I'll go and be second. (exit Sharp).

Gabble—(heard from outside) No sah, I ain't. I jis' won't, so yer needn't beg no mo', fo' I jis' ain't gwine to lib wif you.

Gibble—Now Chloe, doane act dat way, come on home wif me.

Ched—Hear that, Hez? Gibble and Gabble have parted once more. Wonder what's the matter this time?

Gabble—No sah, Mose, I jis' won't no mo'. I ain't gwine to lib wif no tu'n coat, I suah ain't.

Gibble—(as they enter) I ain't no tu'n coat, I tells you. Cain't a ge'man pay you fo' doin' a job o' wo'k, I wants ter know?

Gabble—(sarcastically) Wo'k! It's a heap o' wo'k you ebber done. You sits still and saws wood all day doane yer? (closes her eyes and nods, as if sleeping) An' I rests de whole day long dis way. (works arms vigorously up and down as if washing) You's a busy man, you is.

Gibble—But Chloe, you know I done did dat wo'k fo' Mistah Ho'nblowah.

Ched—Hold on there Gibble. You've made a mistake. It's Col. Hornblower. Gibble—Ob cou'se it am boss, I means dat all de time. I's ben jis' tellin' Chloe heah, ob some wo'k I's ben doin' fo' de Co'nel.

Gabble—An' I tells him dat ten dollahs am mighty good pay fo' one houah's wo'k. An' I jis' wants ter know what fur you say you gwine to vote fo' Polk? You've ben fo' Steadyman all de time befo'. You's jis' a common tu'n coat.

Gibble—But Chloe—

Gabble—You needn't make no 'scuses. You ought to be 'shamed o' yo'self. I'd like to know who gibs us de cabin, but Steadyman's Paw, an' who sent you dem good tings to eat, when you was sick, but Steadyman's Maw. You's just a low down, no 'count niggah, dat's what you is, an' I shakes de dust of you off my feet.

Ched—(aside) There, ain't I al'ays told you, Hez? When politics comes in the door, love flies out the window.

Gibble—Aw now, Chloe, doane kick off de dust, now doane. I ain't done nuffin to Steadyman.

Gabble—Oh no, you ain't done nuffin to nobody. You nebbber does. Last week you was suah goin' to vote fo' Steadyman, an' dis week you's a Polk man fru an' fru. You's jis' a common ol' tu'n coat. Now I's fo' Steadyman all de time, an' I doane lib wif no ol' Polk, I jis' tell you dat. Is massa Steadyman 'bout any place Mis' Timmons?

Mrs. T.—No, Gabble, he's not here now.

Gabble—Well, I's gwine to fin' him, an' let him know I's done wif dat ol' Mose. (exit Gabble).

Gibble—(following) Doane do dat Chloe, now doane. Ain't no sense in you actin' dat way. I tells you, I can't vote fo' Steadyman dis time, fo' I's done promised, but nex' time I'll be fo' Steadyman, I suah will. (exit Gibble).

Hez—Poor Gibble! Purty hard on him.

Ched—Yes, the props are knocked out of his only available means of support. That resting of Gabble's is tol'able lukertive.





(Enter Mrs. Jackson from street door, as Miss Dyer enters from L.).

Mrs. Jack.—If you don't care 'Tildy, I'll set down and rest a bit, I'm plum give out. I've been rummin' around town this blessed day, and ain't seen nothin yet. Bill Jones told me that had a break down on the train, and Hornblower had to take his automobile and go after Polk. Is that right?

Mrs. T.—Yes, he did.

Mrs. Jack.—Hey!

Mrs. T.—(louder) Yes, he went.

Mrs. Jack.—(with hand behind ear) Hey!

Mrs. T.—(nodding head vigorously and speaking very loud) Yes.

Mrs. Jack.—Oh! Ain't he got back yet?

Mrs. T.—No, not yet.

Mrs. Jack.—That's awful. Why can't he get him?

Mrs. T.—(loudly) I say he hasn't got back yet.

Mrs. Jack.—Hey!

Mrs. T.—(shaking head) No, he hasn't.

Mrs. Jack.—He ain't? Well, he's mighty slow about it.

Mrs. T.—How are you feeling now, Aunt Minervy? Are you better than you was?

Mrs. Jack.—Hey!

Mrs. T.—(loudly) Are you better than you was the last time I saw you?

Mrs. Jack.—No, I can't say as I am. I have such terrible distress in my stomach all the time, and I don't know what to do for it next. I'm clean discouraged. This last year I've took twelve bottles of Perun, a lot of Sarsaparilla, a heap of different kind of pills for run down nerves and goodness knows what else, and I can't see as they helped me one bit. If you don't care I'll slick up my hair a bit. It beats all how it comes out. Why every time I comb it, I get great handful of hair. Hey! What'd you say?

Mrs. T.—I didn't say nothin'.

Miss Dyer—(approaching) Here's something that will prevent your hair coming out. (holds out bottle).

Mrs. Jack.—Hey! You'll have to talk louder, I'm deaf.

Miss Dyer—(louder) This will keep your hair from coming out.

Mrs. Jack.—Don't run your words together so, I can't understand you.

Miss Dyer—(very loud) This will cure you of your trouble.

Mrs. Jack.—(steps nearer Miss D., and in raising her hand to her ear, she knocks bottle out of Miss Dyer's hand) Hey! Oh, you spilled it, didn't you? Too bad! Was it good for anything?

Miss Dyer—Was it good for anything? Now just hear that. Madam, that was a bottle of Dr. Adolphus Dinwiddie's celebrated hair dye.

Mrs. Jack.—Concentrated lye! I'm glad it's no worse. Lye's cheap. But 'Tildy you's better take it up, or it'll eat a hole in the floor.

Miss Dyer—Concentrated lye! Cheap! If I ever saw such ignorance——  
Mrs. T.—(interrupting) Phoebe, Phoebe, fetch the dust pan and broom and take up this broken glass.

Miss Dyer—(as Phoebe enters with dust pan and broom, having on big apron to cover her white dress) Don't you touch it—don't you touch it, till I get a spoon and see if I can't take some of it up. (exit).

Mrs. T.—Go ahead Phoebe, we can't have that muss around.

Miss Dyer—(enters and finds Phoebe sweeping up glass) How dare you? How dare you, I say.

Phoebe—(with hand behind ear) Hey!

Miss Dyer—You impertinent little imp! If you were my child, I'd give you a sound thrashing. (exit in great indignation).

Phoebe—I'd like to see you try it. (exit).

Mrs. Jack.—Well, I'll move on, 'Tildy. Mebby there's something goin' on by this time.

Phoebe—(dancing onto stage, she pulls off apron and is all dressed in white, with new beads on) There, Ched, how do my beads look, when I'm all dressed up? Ain't they dandy?

Ched.—Well, you're lady McFlimsey, sure thing.

(Enter Mrs. Tightfellow, Loly, and Emmy. They stand looking around, not knowing what to do).

Mrs. T.—Will it cost anything if we stand here and wait for Pa? He'll be here directly.

Mrs. Tim.—Mercy no! It won't cost you anything to set down either. Take some chairs, (they sit down).

Emmy—(older daughter) Just think, Loly! I'm going to have some candy today.

Loly—Will you give me some, Emmy?

Mrs. T.—My, Emmy! Don't you let your Pa hear you speak of candy.



Emmy—You needn't worry, Ma. He'll never know. I've saved up five pennies. Mrs. T.—You have? My! Ain't you smart? But don't let on to your Pa, or he'll take 'em for groceries.

Loly—Say, Emmy, won't you give me a taste?

Emmy—Of course Loly. Do you suppose I'd eat it all myself, when you never had any in all your life?

(Phoebe goes to her mother, pulls her head down, and whispers in her ear.)

Mrs. Tim.—Why yes, if you want to. (gives Phoebe a nickle from drawer).

Phoebe—(to Loly) Here Loly, you take this nickle and get you some candy too.

Loly—Oh, Phoebe! I daren't. You keep it, and get you some candy.

Phoebe—Poo! I don't care for candy. I have lots of it.

Loly—(looking at mother) Dares't I Ma?

Mrs. T.—Why, I guess so, but don't let your Pa know you've got it. What d'you say, Loly?

Loly—(with happy grin) Thank you, Phoebe.

Phoebe—Oh, that's all right. Just keep the change. (walks over near Ched). (Enter Gideon Tightfellow).

Hez—Hello, Gid! Hurrabin' for Polk today?

Gid—Naw, I ain't hurrabin' very strong for nobody. 'Twon't make me any more money, either way. There's a sinful waste of money in all the fixups they have around town, but it ain't out of my pocket. I'm goin' to look at it, because it don't cost nothin'. (goes over to counter).

Ched—(aside) I b'lieve Gid'd be willin' to take a look into the lower regions, if he thought it wouldn't cost nothin.

Gid—I'm goin' to put up with you tonight, Mrs. Timmons, if you don't tax me too high.

Mrs. Tim.—I don't believe I can spare you two rooms.

Gid—What in tarnation'd I want with two rooms?

Mrs. Tim.—Why you'd want one for your daughters.

Gid—Well, I guess not. Sary and the girls is goin' home, to do the chores and look after things.

Loly—I wisht I could stay to see the fire works.

Gid—The idea! You know you can't. 'Twould ruin us to spend all that money. I'll stay and see them, and can tell you all about them tomorrow.

Ched—Couldn't have any thing more enjoyable or comfortin' than that now, could you, sissey?

Gid—Now Mrs. Timmons, I want to know what you would tax me, for jist a bed tonight, and a little bite of breakfast?

Mrs. Tim.—Forty cents.

Gid—Jiminy! Ain't you high? Your prices are clean out of sight. I figgered I ought to get out for two bits.

Mrs. Tim.—That's our regular price. I won't open a bed for less—and break-fast in the bargain.

Gid—Say Sary, ain't there some of our lunch left—some bread and butter?

Mrs. T.—Yes, there is some left, but it is what you had me fix for me and the girls, and the butter is spread awful thin.

Gid—Well, I can make that do, I guess. Will it be any cheaper, Mrs. Timmons, if I furnish my own grub? An' say, why couldn't you make me up a bunk on the floor some place? You sure won't charge so much for that.

Mrs. T.—We don't allow eatin' in our rooms, it's against the rules, and it wouldn't do the Palace Hotel no good to have bunks all over the floor.

Gid—Well did any body ever hear the like of that? Why it's highway robbery. We could get three meals for forty cents.

Mrs. Tim.—You can take it, or let it alone. That's our rule, and we don't break it for nobody.

Gid—I'd lofted a heap on stayin' tonight, but such ruinous prices takes the stiffenin' all out of a body.

Mrs. Tim.—You couldn't get a bed and breakfast no cheaper in any hotel under the canopy.

Phoebe—(aside) Old tight wad! (aloud) Say Ma, there's a stall in the barn that ain't got no horse in. You might give him that.

Mrs. Tim.—Phoebe Timmons, won't you keep still?

Gid—Yes, Phoebe, children should be seen and not heard. I always learned my children that. (taking a deep breath) Well Mrs. Timmons I'm goin' to do it. Yes, I'll do it if I die for it, if it does cost a mint of money. I'm goin' to have my fling for once in my life. I ain't never been off the farm a single night. You hear me, Sary Tightfeller? I'm goin' to do it. The farm won't run away, I guess.

Hez—(aside) Gid's gettin' reckless.

Ched—(aside) While there ain't no danger of the farm runnin' away, I bet if I was Sary and the kids, I would.





Gid—Now, Sary, I've got to trust you to look after things. Feed the stock mighty light. Be sure you use skim milk in your coffee, for cream's worth money. And Sary, you know sugar's gone up, and coffee's jist as good without it, accordin' to my notion.

Phoebe—(aside) He's meaner than pusley. I wish he'd try to learn me something. I'd show him a thing or two.

Gid—(to family) Come on, we'll go now, and you can look around and see the crowd, and the flags and things. (to Mrs. Timmons) I'll be back tonight, Mrs. Timmons.

Mrs. Tim—All right. We'll make you comfortable, (exit Gid and family).

(Enter Goddess of Liberty and twelve original states).

Marj—Are we all here, girls? I don't see Irene.

Irene—(entering all out of breath) Am I too late? My goodness, but I've hurried!

Marj—You're in time, but I hope we won't have to wait long.

(Toot of auto horn, and of small tin horns is heard, and shouts of "Hurrah for Polk").

Hez—There they come now! (trying to rise and falling back) Drat this rheumatiz! (Mrs. Timmons, Phoebe, Ched and Hez hurry to door, Miss Snapp, Clara Castleton, Mollie Stout, and Miss Dyer enter from L. Goddess of Liberty and the thirteen states form a semi-circle in front of counter, but look eagerly toward entrance. Chug of auto is heard, a confusion, and shouts are heard outside. Col. Hornblower, Ketchem, and Hon. Polk enter followed by all who have taken part in play. Some carry flags. Betsy Brady waves her poke weed frantically and shouts "Hurrah for Polk" as she takes her place well to front of stage. Crowd go to right and left of stage, leaving center free. Candidate Polk smiles and beams. Gobble and Gabbie take position L. F.).

Gobble—(throwing up his arm) Hurrah—

Gabbie—(pulling at his arm, and putting her hand over his mouth) No yer don't, none ob dat, I tells yer.

(From the crowd is heard cries of "A speech, a speech!" Ketchem grabs up a chair and places it C. F. Men pick up Polk and stand him on chair as cries of "A speech, a speech!" are again heard).

Polk—(rubbing his hands and smiling broadly) Friends and Fellow Citizens: While I had no expectation of being called upon for an impromptu speech, I can say it gives me great pleasure—yes, it gives me great pleasure to be with you, and to look into your frank and intelligent faces. As I rode along in company with your renowned and esteemed fellow townsman, Col. Hornblower, (bowing to the Col.) my heart swelled with pride, almost to bursting—

Ched—(interrupting) Let her bust, Polk—

Hon. Polk—(continuing) When I thought that in keeping the homes we passed, in security, I have had a hand.

Ched—(interrupting) And a hand in the people's pockets too, I reckon.

Polk—(continuing, but looking threatenly at Ched) When I am in Pokeyville, I feel that I am among friends—friends of intelligence—

Ched—(interrupting) Right you are Polk. We know a thing or two.

Polk—(continuing) I say, friends of intelligence, who appreciate my efforts in their behalf, and who will stand by me in the great political war about to be waged. (applause).

I have nothing to say against my opponent. He is a most estimable young man, lacking only in experience, and—ah—let us say judgment. Little he knows of the snares and pitfalls that beset the politician. Ah, my friends, it is a pitiful sight to me, to see a young man enter politics—yes, a pitiful sight. Have you ever noticed a moth around a candle? See how it flutters nearer and nearer, attracted by the brilliancy of the flame. Now its wings are singed, and it escapes, but only to return again to the alluring flame—and again its wings are singed.

Ched—(interrupting) Yours are clean burnt off by this time, ain't they Polk? Polk—(continuing) Alas! It flutters nearer, and nearer until finally it plunges into the deadly flame. Thus is our young friend hovering near the alluring flame, and ere he is aware of it he will be swallowed up in the seething malstrom of intrigue and—ah—intrigue and—ah—intrigue. (when giving this part of the speech the voice should be very strong on the word "intrigue" the first time, but by the last time it is used the voice should fall, and be quite low).

Deluded Youth! He is following the star-eyed Goddess of Reform.

Ched—(aside) The Goddess of Liberty, more like.

Polk—He has listened to her siren song, which is leading him like a Will o' the-Wisp, and will turn to ashes in his grasp.

It requires a man of experience and fixed principles to escape the dangerous rocks and shoals—one who has been tried and found not wanting.



Fellow Citizens, I stand squarely upon my record——(just here his foot slips and he nearly falls from chair).

Ched—It's rather slippery, ain't it?

Polk—I plead for your votes, and I hope you will hear me later, when I discuss the stupen-di-ous and burning issues of the day. (bows right and left).

Betsy B.—(pushing through the crowd) I want to shake you by the hand Bro. Polk. Your speech was a powerful effort.

Ched—I believe you, Betsy.

Polk—I'll be glad to shake hands with each and every one of you. (all go up and shake hands, Miss Dyer being last. As she takes his hand she leaves in it a sample bottle of her Hair Restorer).

Polk—(as crowd begins to move toward entrance) Just a moment, friends, I have already told you of some of the dangers that beset the politician, but failed to speak of the many who fall under the assassin's hand. Here you have a demonstration. Others of our great men have fallen victims to the hand of the slayer. I would not be the first public servant to die the martyr's death. See! I hold in my hand this bottle (holding up bottle) which has been given me. The assassin's hand has placed the poison to my lips——

Miss Dyer—(in great excitement) Oh no, Mr. Polk. It is not poison. I notice your hair is getting gray. It is a bottle of Dr. Dinwiddie's celebrated Hair Restorer and Color Renewer.

Betsy B.—(waving branch energetically) Hurrah for Polk!  
(Two or three others shout "Hurrah for Polk," then some one starts chorus of song, in which all join).

*Hurrah! Hurrah! He'll bring the jubilee.*

*Hurrah! Hurrah! 'Tis Polk who makes us free.*

*So we'll sing the chorus, over land and over sea,  
While we are shouting for Polk, sir.*

*CURTAIN.*

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people

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